

# PAIN OF SALVATION



entropia

東西









1. ! (foreword) 2. welcome to entropia 3. winning a war  
 4. people passing by 5. oblivion ocean 6. stress 7. revival  
 8. void of her 9. to the end 10. never learn to fly  
 11. circles 12. nightmist 13. plains of dawn  
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# PAIN OF SALVATION



entropia

東西



! Walk with me!  
there are worlds to see

Listen to me now..You  
Listen to me now..You  
Do my words mean more to hear  
when I am standing here?  
On a stage like all your silly idols do!

Open up your eyes...all  
Let your walls and grins...fall  
Would you reach for something new  
if the crowds were reaching too?  
Are you close enough to  
Taste their tears at all?

Your hate is but a worn-out lover, sick and sear  
"Rape me again" you beg in pain, dear friend  
"...but hey ~ just don't stop!  
The stillness makes me scared..."

Listen to my plain words  
That's all you'll get from me;  
Words  
The rest is up to you  
Would you dare to let me through?  
Are you brave enough to leave me in control?

You're all afraid...

I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you  
I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid anymore

I am a shipwrecked swept ashore

Life won't wash away your sins  
Life can't wash away your guilt  
Life will only make your conscience  
Wilt!

Somewhere a child just died  
yet another victim for man's endless strife  
World could be better than this!  
There are so many ways to live (leave) a life  
Would you claim you live yours...right?  
Right?  
NO!  
Take a stand!  
world is in your hand

I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you  
I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid of you  
we're just the same me and you  
the same me and you  
(Walk with me!)  
...I see myself in you...

# chapter 1

西 T-H-O-S 東



# Welcome to entropia

## WINNING a war

ONCE THERE WAS a WORLD OUT ON these fields  
that WAS UNTOUCHED  
grateful for its Love we thanked the earth  
that gave so MUCH  
AND OH...  
I LOVED it so!

ONCE THERE WAS a PAIR of eyes  
UNBROKEN · just Like my heart  
BELONGING to a father AND HIS SON  
NOW TORN APART  
AND OH...  
I LOVED him so!

"why mommy tell me  
why daddy is walking away  
...leaving me"

I REMEMBER BIRDS OF PRAY  
DARK SHADOWS PIERCING THE GROUND!  
FACELESS MEN CAME SHOUTING ABOUT A PRIDE  
TO WHICH WE WERE BOUND  
AND OH...  
I SEARCHED for HIM SO!

"faith DARLING HAVE faith my son  
YOUR DADDY IS WINNING a war"

"...for you..."

DADDY NEED ME  
LOVE AND LEAD ME  
YOUR SUPERSEDING WAR WON'T FEED ME

WATCH FATHERS AND SONS  
PALE CLING TO THEIR GUNS  
MARCHING LINE BY LINE  
LEAVING REASON BEHIND  
THEIR EYES NOW TENSE WITH FEAR  
ENEMIES ARE NEAR  
BUT ALL ARMIES ARE  
ONLY FATHERS AND SONS

EARTH BLEEDING THROUGH THEIR PROCEEDING  
ALL GREEDY VULTURES ARE NEEDING

war!  
war!  
DAD  
WHO IS WINNING a war?  
AND  
DAD  
WHO IS IT FOR?

I WON'T SHED A TEAR — I WON'T SHOW NO FEAR  
WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU DAD  
(ALL GREEDY VULTURES NEED WAR)  
I WON'T MISS YOU DAD!

I'LL SHUT DOWN

...BUT DADDY  
I MISS YOU SO!  
AND I NEED YOU HERE  
DAD I'M ALONE HERE AND  
DADDY, I'M LOSING YOUR WAR OUT HERE!

DADDY NEED ME  
LOVE AND LEAD ME  
YOUR SUPERSEDING WAR WON'T FEED ME



## people passing by

part first: awakening

Daybreak:  
a SEPTEMBER SUN EMERGES THROUGH CLOUDS  
CHASING ACROSS THE SKY  
THOUGHTS ARE EVOKED BEHIND DETACHED EYES  
BUT PEOPLE ARE JUST PASSING BY:

WITH SMILES FOR PROTECTION  
UNABLE TO SEE BEHIND THE CREATURE  
THAT HE SEEMS TO BE

ONCE HE WAS a CHILD WITH BURNING DESIRES,  
WITH HOPES AND DREAMS OF WHAT WAS TO COME  
SO HE'S LOST SOME FAITH BUT STILL THERE ARE FIRES  
DEEP INSIDE THAT HE MUST DRENCH TO NUMB

if we COULD try  
to share some of HIS WOUNDS just for a while  
BUT we're ALL just people passing by!

MIDDAY:  
He's SEARCHING THROUGH CROWDS  
FOR ONE THAT IS GONE  
REJECTING THE FACTS  
ONE MORE DAY  
TALKING TOO LOUD TO SILENCE THE GLOW  
COLDNESS BECOMING HIS WAY

empathy CAN'T REACH THROUGH ALL THAT BLAME  
SMILES NOW FORGOTTEN, LOCKED IN THEIR FRAMES

NOW He's COUNTING time  
IN BEGGINGS AND BOTTLES,  
FADING AWAY BENEATH OLD NEWS  
SO HE LOST a war:  
"WILL I BE DEAD VERY LONG?"  
...HE CAN STILL HEAR HIS VOICE  
THROUGH THE COLDNESS

if we COULD try  
to ease some of HIS pain just for a while  
BUT we're ALL just people passing by!

part SECOND: memorials  
part Last: NIGHTFALL

ONCE HE WAS STRONG AND FILLED WITH VISIONS  
WITH LIFE AHEAD HE SET HIS AIMS  
THEN THINGS WENT WRONG...  
NOW HIS AMBITIONS HAVE TURNED TO SMILES  
CONSERVED IN FRAMES

STILL COULD BE STRONG  
COULD BE a prophet!  
HE WOULD TEACH TRUTH TO EVERY MAN!  
HE'D SEE THE LIGHT THROUGH EVERY SHADOW  
BUT ENTROPY DENIES HE CAN!

He's SITTING NUMB WHILE DUSK IS FALLING  
ALONE HE WHISPERS HIS "GOODNIGHT"  
TURNING AWAY, WHEN SLEEP IS CALLING,  
FROM ALL THE PEOPLE...  
...PASSING BY...

## OBLIVION ocean

SLEEP IS TOO QUIET  
DREAMS ARE TOO PAINFUL  
TRUTH IS THE BED OF THIS OCEAN OF LIES  
SINKING THROUGH LAYERS OF UNTOUCHED OBLIVION  
SOAKING FROM SPIRITS  
BUT STILL FAR TOO DRY

LOSING ALL I LIVED FOR  
LOSING ALL I FOUGHT FOR

"where is my mother?"  
the CHILD ASKED the SOLDIER  
the SOLDIER WAS WATCHING them BOTH FARE AWAY  
NINE WORDS CREATE AN OBLIVION OCEAN:  
"DAD TELL ME, WILL I BE DEAD VERY LONG?"

LOSING ALL I LIVED FOR  
LOSING ALL I FOUGHT FOR

OH GOD IF YOU SAVE THEM I SWEAR I'LL ALWAYS  
HOLD THEM IN MY HAND  
OH GOD IF YOU SAVE THEM I'D TAKE THEM WEST  
WE'D START AGAIN IN THE PROMISED LAND

WHEN LIFE IS HEARING THIS WE PRAY  
THE GODS ARE CLOSE AT HAND  
WHEN MAN IS ASTRAY  
BUT WHEN IT ALL IS SAID AND DONE  
IS HE TO THANK THE GODS  
FOR JUST TAKING HIS SON?

SLEEP IS TOO QUIET  
DREAMS ARE TOO PAINFUL  
TRUTH IS THE BED OF THIS OCEAN OF LIES  
WORDS CAN CREATE AN OBLIVION OCEAN  
"DAD TELL ME, WILL I BE DEAD VERY LONG?"

LOSING ALL I LIVED FOR  
LOSING ALL I FOUGHT FOR

OH GOD IF YOU SAVE THEM I SWEAR I'LL ALWAYS  
HOLD THEM IN MY HAND  
OH GOD IF YOU SAVE THEM I'D TAKE THEM WEST  
WE'D START AGAIN (THEN) IN THE PROMISED LAND



## stress

(watching corners and crossing watching all the  
red lights watching the stress  
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars  
i'm drowning in this mess)

help me  
rescue me  
save me  
set me free

(watching all the stress)

it is strange — among all people i feel alone  
very strange — despite the sun i'm cold to the bone!

if this is progress let me out!

up on the rooftops i feel alive  
lovely detached from the human hive  
up on the rooftops i feel so free  
far from the city that's suffocating me

(watching corners and crossing watching all the  
red lights watching the stress  
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars  
i'm drowning in this mess)

is this what we want?

i believe:  
beneath the surface we turn to stone  
can't you see, you meet your neighbors over the phone!  
i'm awake — watch me!  
i'll escape — watch me!

if this is progress help me to regress!

alone by the ocean i feel alive  
lovely detached from the human hive  
alone by the ocean i feel so free  
far from the city that's suffocating me

you live too shallow  
act too deep!  
fail to sow but proudly reap!

...and you still need more...

indians show us where you're from  
stress indicates what we'll all become!

(watching corners and crossings watching  
all the red lights watching the stress  
watching beggars and bankers and rushing cars  
i'm drowning in this mess)

in time you'll awake  
in time you'll escape  
in time you'll awake  
you'll see what's at stake!

is this what we want?  
...is this what we need?



## revival

an eye for an eye  
a tear for a tear  
a lie for a lie  
the weak dress in hatred to hide their fear

we cling to symbols for our mind:  
hour by hour we're losing us  
defenceless for the weak to bind:  
second by second abusing us

a wound for a wound  
by silence we breed  
learn the hate that keeps us blind  
from the hands that hit and feed

children teach each other pain:  
hour by hour they're learning it  
dreamers in the wheel of reign:  
second by second we're turning it...

...around:  
closing the books of the prophets  
closing our eyes for the visions that die  
and then we weep  
"why do i still need to cry  
when i'm so happy now?"

saviors come forth in times of need  
prophets seek me — for you i will bleed

cry little lonely world cry!  
i won't close my eyes  
i'll be your tears when you're dry  
pouring to the ground...

scar by scar we're all becoming  
seeking prophets now

i won't bear the cross one step further  
i won't bear your hate any longer  
free i will rise!

(come to me now — feel the revival)  
(follow me now — join the revival)

see me  
believe in me  
hear me — i'll speak to you  
you are the prophets  
come forth and i'll bleed for you!

i'll bleed for you...

Void of her

## to the end

(sorrow turned into hate  
anger became a thread to climb  
with faith tasting the life she died)

"time will heal" they told him  
just as if they knew his pain  
"time kills!" he whispered  
not a word:  
they watched him leave again

grief need not her grave  
nothing left to save...

she went up with the sunrise that day  
planned her future as every day  
spent her last minutes in tomorrow's  
she would never experience

live your life each day  
meet the tides my friend  
we're all nomads forever on our way  
a journey to the end!

(she walked there every day  
without even knowing it was  
the place to which she was going)

if you knew the number  
of the steps you could ever take  
bitter i wonder:  
would you run or cease to walk?

for her sake he lived — nothing more to give

looking back now, he could have saved her  
but there's no one left to save him  
cause we're all walking in tomorrow's  
we may never experience

live your life each day  
meet the tides my friend  
we're all nomads forever on our way  
a journey to the end

so now he has knowledge but what has he won?  
all pages are empty, he's already gone  
he lost what he lived for and losses won't mend  
alive just to enter a journey beyond the end...

## never learn to fly

when i was a little child  
i once found a bird lying on the ground  
it would not ever fly again  
i held the bird up in my hands  
i shed my tears over the lovely song  
that not longer could be heard

never learn to fly

with dirty hands i dug a hole  
and gently laid the bird to rest in soil  
a wound in the tearstained mud  
my tears wore rain as i revealed the secrets of a tree  
a cross of bark  
to speak through wooden grains:  
"never learn to fly"

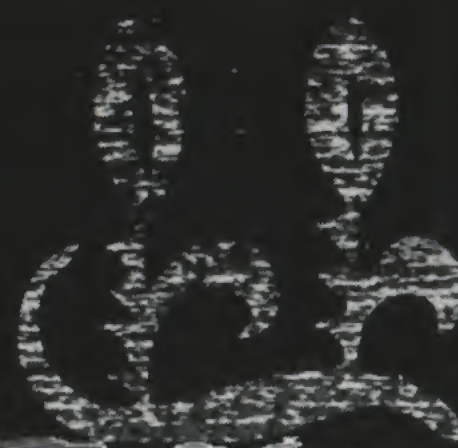
i sang a song which i  
remembered my grandma used to sing  
for me when i was sick and laid in bed  
then i cursed that day for showing me  
my own mortality  
for then i knew that all that lives  
turns cold  
cold and dead

and now  
time has  
passed by  
beneath my wings

that was then i'm older now  
but still i can't forget that rainy day  
i edged against the ending times  
though some day soon  
my son will maybe find the tree  
i cleansed of skin  
no chain sling will ever climb  
it's rotten limbs  
and when the time has come  
for me to die  
i want to lie beside that bird

never learn to fly

when i was a little child...  
i once found myself  
lying on the ground  
and now i'll never  
fly





## CIRCLES

now He's COUNTING time  
IN BEGGINGS AND BOTTLES  
fADING away BENEATH OLD NEWS

so He's Lost some faith  
BUT STILL there are fires  
deep INSIDE that He MUST DRENCH TO NUMB  
deep INSIDE  
that He MUST DRENCH TO NUMB...

## NIGHTMIST

COLD winter WINDS BLOW away autumn Leaves now  
misty WORLD fades away before my BLINDED eyes  
why?

now WHEN I stand at the END of the Line  
I CLING to Life WHEN I SHOULD decline  
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WOULD welcome THIS day  
BUT NOW WHEN IT'S HERE:  
COULD there be a Heaven BEHIND that gate?  
Love OR Hate?

wait  
By my side  
COUNT the SECONDS TILL I die  
HOLD my HAND  
smile AND tell me that you care  
cause I'm SCARED NOW

now WHEN I stand at the END of the Line  
I CLING to Life WHEN I SHOULD decline  
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WOULD welcome THIS day  
BUT NOW I CAN see it is yet a BIRD of pray!

god!  
Hear my voice!  
I TURN to thee  
you've got to tell me:  
what WILL become of me?

why SHALL I die?

OH GOD  
Hear my voice!  
tell me there are NO QUESTIONS  
Please give me a few MORE HOURS  
of this flair Life  
it's mine!

as I am Leaving alone AND afraid  
I'm THINKING of ALL the mistakes I've made  
I WISH of my heart I COULD change ONLY one  
I'D want to say "SORRY" just one more time

before I am GONE  
...GONE...

## PLAINS OF DAWN

"I'm HERE NOW, BY YOUR side"

sheltered from the COLD  
a SOLDIER GUARDS a BOY  
CLOCKS are CUTTING as times pass BY THEIR pain  
(BRINGING release THROUGH the BOOK ON HIS KNEES)  
(keep TRYING, keep TRYING, keep DYING INSIDE)

"HUSH NOW Little CHILD, it's time to say GOODNIGHT  
find rest IN my LULLaby THIS NIGHT  
I'LL STILL be HERE WHEN the NIGHTMISTS draw near"  
(BLIND figures CONTROLLING his Life)  
(keep FALLING, keep FALLING, keep FALLING DOWN NOW)

"Have faith my SON  
reach for my HAND AND I'LL walk with you  
till the SUN goes DOWN  
follow me now  
we WILL meet again IN your LAND  
now I'LL Lead you home"

opening stillness  
reaching THROUGH illness  
they walk IN NIGHTMIST  
"now we meet again.  
I'm so close to you now"  
(again we LAUGH)

where shallow waters reach  
for UNKNOWN mystic SHORES  
they gaze at the HORIZON AND smile

"BEHOLD my SON  
reach for the vision that fills your MIND  
just Let go AND RUN  
follow the path that was meant for you  
LONG ago  
AND CROSS the PLAINS of DAWN"

wordless QUESTIONS  
tearful CONFESSIONS  
they meet at Last NOW  
WHEN it is time to go separate ways  
(fADING PAGES)  
they HAVE TOUCHED THROUGH ages

"remember me my SON  
it's time to say...GOODBYE  
I'LL free you from YOUR PRISON  
NOW go  
you're free NOW  
the wave meets the SHORE"  
(keep RUNNING, keep RUNNING,  
keep RUNNING HOME KID)  
WINNING a war  
made HIM Lose evermore

"farewell my SON  
the tubes that were straining you  
to a death WITHIN Life are gone  
wait for us  
I AND your mother WILL  
cherish you my SON  
I CRY as I'm WATCHING you RUN  
across  
PLAINS of DAWN"

AND SO THROUGH that evening  
a SOLDIER is Leaving his SON  
ONCE again  
AND a war HAS BEEN Lost  
FORLORN He is reeling  
unmendably kneeling  
BUT fate Leaves NO CHOICE NOW:  
He must close the BOOK!

## Leaving entropia

walk with me  
AND see the WORLD I see  
it is OUR HOME  
it's WHERE we ALL BELONG

Life is flair  
a BRITTLE DRESS we wear  
a fleeting SIGH  
BUT THOUGH pointless it may seem:  
Live as death were BUT a DREAM

you DON'T have to walk THEIR way  
you DON'T have to watch the SHOW  
you DON'T have to play THEIR game

AND you DON'T have to die to Leave entropia

all remains:  
forgotten smiles IN frames  
two fleeting Lives  
cut DOWN to pocket-size

walk with me  
AND change the WORLD we see  
we'LL cease to be  
just people passing BY  
Home is WHERE we ALL get BY

you DON'T have to cry for more  
you DON'T have to have it ALL  
you DON'T have to win a war

if death is BUT a DREAM  
then DON'T Let me  
...fall asleep...





ALL MUSIC BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW EXCEPT 1, 4 (PART II), 6, 7 AND 9

BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW AND DANIEL MAGDIĆ

ALL LYRICS BY DANIEL GILDENLÖW

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# chapter II



#### words from johan langell

i would like to thank:

catta, the langell-eriksson family, the breineder family, karl briese, sunkan, tobbe, hommen, hammar musik, slagverket, gustaf hielm, johansson and ole lund kirkegaard.

#### words from daniel magdic

i would like to dedicate this album to the memory of my father.

i also would like to thank: my mother and my brothers (without you this would never have been possible) "mormor", the jansson family (and of course kent), all my friends from musiklinjen - i miss you all. torfin - one hell of a band, nobody's bluesband, jim jam, andreas rader, patrik niklasson and per nilsson, per bergkvist and marigold, pneumonia, magnus johansson, rainer, the rydgren family, erik rimsten, magnus palmberg, kiss, queensryche, russi, marillion and fish, kings x, scott henderson, mike stern, eric johnson, steve moore, meshuggah, dream theater, pink floyd, yes, sting, king diamond, fates warning, black sabbath and many many more for great music and inspiration.

and for saka: i love you!

#### words from fredrik hermannsson

i would like to thank all the friends at birka folkhögskola, sundsta musikgymnasium and johan osterberg.

#### words from kristoffer gildentöw

i would like to thank my family, my girlfriend ida bengtsson and her family, my best friend henrik karlsson and his family, all my other friends and schoolmates, my neighbors above, beneath and beside me, my life and my death, our peace and our nature, jaco, rocco, mendoza and wazen, ares custom guitars

#### words from daniel gildentöw

i would like to dedicate this album to the memory of my grandfather erland - whom i have always admired - and to pyret: i lost you before meeting you, i sadly carry the hole in void of you...

my deepest love and admiration to:

johanna iggsten - my indian girl of the forests and the love of my life and death.

mom, dad and all my relatives, and the iggsten families in grycksbo, fagersta, dala jarna and Gävle.

sunkan, tobbe, gustaf, heidi, johan wannerström, fredrik runnström, johansson, titli, peter pettersson, martin ahlqvist, gunnar and all other close and distant friends, for staying there when i'm not around as much as i should be.

i thank my schoolmates over the years, you know who you are, i send love and hope to andy - don't give in! and hugs to daniel, johan, my brother and fredrik for putting up with me!

i also would like to thank cv, pumpk and morgana from firefly.

love to all occasional gods, everything and everyone above as below, and everyone that i have offended, hurt or let down over the years! and an open hand to per bergkvist...

i owe you all a lot, i love you and i need you more than i can ever express in words! you're life!

i finally take a bow for my sources of joy and inspiration:

astrid lindgren, tage danielsson, simon & garfunkel, jesus christ superstar, the elder, douglas adams, peter nilson, carl sagan, the first king, faith no more, gösta ekman, gandhi, diecast car models, zappa, robin williams, love gun, the alan parsons project, tolkien, one flew over the cuckoo's nest, torfin, salman rushdie, long hot baths, pink floyd's the wall, pj persild, in leva, quake, earl grey tea, kurt vonnegut, star wars, garp, queensryche, unmasked, mark helprin for "a winter's tale", nimh, the dark crystal and isaac asimov. you all made me who i am!

please take care of yourselves, your next and the world, support your local prophet and oppose drugs!

#### pain of salvation would also like to thank

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## chapter II!





JOHAN LÅNGELL  
DRUMS & VOCALS



DANIEL GILDENLÖW  
LEAD VOCALS & GUITAR



KRISTOFFER GILDENLÖW  
BASS & VOCALS



FREDRIK HERMANSSON  
KEYBOARDS



DANIEL MAGDIC  
GUITAR & VOCALS



Death is but a dream

So: what need to be revealed?

Death is but a dream of a life that never was

What need to be remembered?

What need to be...understood?

In the midst of life in fear we find  
that death is the realm of time

And when it has befallen?

When all we ever were is gone and all we never were is left to speak of us  
in vague shadows through the minds of those we leave behind

...and when we know that they soon will follow

~ subside along us into the relentless sea of past -

what then NEED to be...contemplated?

Thus: If life is the mere core of existence, and we tend to know no

Then consider this: do we ever exist?

Death is but a dream

of a life that never was

...and what is a dream?

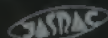
...and what is a dream?



pain of salvation entropia

AVANTAGE

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STEREO  
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